

Motion

Loe Shimmy

(AdeOnTheTrackYaDig!)

(Yo, yo, this beat actually really hard)

I don't know what these niggas rappin' 'bout, but it ain't motion
The only time I call this bitch phone to get her face open
When we peep he sleepin' on the beef, that's when we lay on him
You a runner's runner, come around, you might get a promotion
Hoes screenshottin', so I hit 'em on my dog's Insta'
Why you actin' bougie? Bitch, you workin' at a call center
Throwin' out assists, you my nigga, I'ma ball with you
You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central

Yeah, I love my glizzy, I don't fuck with Dracs like Pusha T
Yeah, I'm homeless if they say my favorite eater for the streets
Shit cutthroat for real, ain't no friends in these streets
Man, this money'll have a nigga whack his daddy like Tariq
Cook a slip up and fuck around and have the bank twerkin'
He ain't plugged in with the sauce, got him one that ain't workin'
If you bring me three custos, that's 'bout six verses
Yeah, your pussy MK, you ain't gettin' no Birkin

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When we peep he sleepin' on the beef, that's when we lay on him
You a runner's runner, come around, you might get a promotion (Alright)
Hoes screenshottin', so I hit 'em on my dog's Insta'
Why you actin' bougie? Bitch, you workin' at a call center (Ayy, Stunna, wha
t it do, man?)
Throwin' out assists, you my nigga, I'ma ball with you (Nigga)
You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central (Nigga, nig
ga, uh)

How the fuck you say you a trap nigga? You ain't flip a 'bow (How the fuck?)
You ain't really havin' motion, nigga, you can't get it gone (You ain't havi
n' no motion)

I can really do a dime a day, that's on any phone (That's on any phone, nigg
a)

All these niggas do is cap, what they really on? (What they on?)

Yeah, I don't know what these niggas be 'bout (Uh-uh)

Where I'm from, nigga, all we fuckin' do is beat pots (Uh, uh, uh, uh)

Pull up in a foreign, I remember I used to key lock (Skrرت, skrrt)

Got a nigga bitch at the spot, finna beat her down (Uh-uh)

I don't know what these niggas rappin' 'bout, but it ain't motion (Nigga, ay
y, nigga, uh)

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You ain't from the hood if you ain't never knuckle up on Central

Yeah, nigga broke as fuck, can't show a rack, want me to throw a pack? (On G
od)

I'ma fuck her mouth and give her back because she know I'm that (Give her ba
ck)

I'ma cash him out and dub his ass, go 'head, collect that hat (On God)
Cum, let's run it back, ran out of Percs, I drink a honey pack (Honey pack,
bitch)
Niggas talkin' 'bout motion, hundred P's a week, just check the stats
I'm off Wocky floatin', throw it back, I keep on runnin' laps (I throw it ba
ck)
I keep smackin' outfits on my IG, tryna keep up tabs
Uh, I keep on poppin' Perky 10s and 20s 'til I'm faded (I'm gone)
Ain't tryna fuck, bitch, count this money, trap out 'til they raid it (Trap
this money, bitch)
I can tell the plug, "Throw me a hundred," bitch, my fence so gated (I can)
This shit on my wrist cost me a twenty, niggas rockin' plated (Blaow), pussy
Uh, I got highs and lows, just check my drip, Givenchy head to toe (On God)
Lil' bitch say she love it how I flow, got buttons on my pole (Ffft)
Blowin' up, can't post up in the trap, I'd rather flood the dough (I can't)
Damn, the streets done turned my heart so cold, I'm tryna take a soul (Yeah)

Yeah